

THE
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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Traditions of Western Germany, the Black Forest, the Neckar, the Odenwald, the Taunus, the Rhine, and the Moselle. By Captain CHARLES KNOX. 3 Vols.

Certainly this is the pleasantest work that it has long been our good fate to rejoice over. The title sufficiently indicates its nature, but an attentive perusal only can afford an adequate idea of its merits. The materials which this very humorous author has so excellently employed, are best described in his own words in his preface.

"The genius of German legendary lore summons creation to his aid. The elements are his mistress. He invokes AIR—the delicate sylph hovers about his staff; he stamps upon EARTH—the kobold king, the swarthy monarch of the mine, arises clumsily to do homage; he calls upon FIRE—Salamander is at his footsteps; he stretches his rod over the WATER—Undine looks forth from her crystal home. Again he raises his magic wand—it points to the church; behold the bride at the altar—the mailed archbishop—the princely abbot—the gentle nun; it strikes the tomb—the grave yawns—the dead arise. He uplifts the banner—the fiery Paladin rides forth to Paynim war. He tolls the knell—see Roland droops and dies. He sounds the trumpet—there, in the lists, the shriven champions demand the award of heaven, to be delivered by the sword and the spear. He waves the sceptre—behold Attila, Alaric, Dagobert, Pharamond, the fierce regenerators of emasculated Europe, sweep by in savage and shadowy grandeur; lo! the mighty Charlemagne once more sits by the waters of Aix; Barbarossa yet slumbers till the ravens shall cease to fly about his magic hill; thick choking tears arise as the good Rudolph mounts at Gernersheim to commence his melancholy ride to his grave at Spires. He raises the cross—hark to the sound of steel—see advance the stately ranks of the Teutonic order—the knights of the stainless cross and the stainless honour; behold the turbaned horsemen, how they throng to

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the battle ; hark to the war-cry, ' There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet ! ' The world of spirits is his household ; the melancholy nixie—the mischievous nickel—the good-natured yet wayward kobold—weird women—wärowolves—castle-spectres—woodmen—fairies—mine-mannikins ; anon he talks of the devil, and his infernal majesty appears forthwith."

Well, from this mine Captain Knox selects the most precious ore, and he has his own peculiar method of amalgamating it with all that is rich and sterling in the art of story-telling. He shapes his metal into the quaintest and most grotesque forms. He embellishes it with a thousand curious and unthought-of ornaments, and presents it to us, at last, in the shape of an elaborate yet most singular piece of workmanship. In those tales, which would have been of themselves most outrageously absurd, he excels the most, making them the vehicles of sly sarcasm, keen wit, and sometimes of the most cutting satire. His *enjoué* manner of recital is, we really believe, at the present day inimitable ; it is something between the arch wickedness of Sterne, and the half-concealed yet deadly thrust of Rabelais. We find that his creed, both religious and political, is of the honest and the orthodox complexion ; but he strikes those who think differently from himself, we should say too repeatedly, if he did not do it so wittily. However, he has related an anecdote, which is not inapplicable to the present times, and which may lead to inferences not calculated upon by the spirited author.

"The Pfalzgraf had vanquished and made prisoners the allied princes who had invaded his territories—the Count Ulrich of Würtemberg, the Markgraf Karl the first of Baden, and his brother George, Bishop of Metz.

"These princes were now captives in Heidelberg, and the palatinate was cleared of hostile troops ; but the ravages of a day may take years to repair—the smoke had hardly ceased to rise from the war-stricken villages, and the noble prince's heart was heavy as he paced to and fro on that fair terrace.

"Suddenly a thought struck him ; he smiled bitterly, and calling up an attendant, said, ' Go with our compliments to the Count of Wirtemberg, the Markgraf of Baden, and the Bishop of Metz, and pray that they will honour our poor meal at noon with their presence, this day.'

"The vassal bowed and retired. The captives said they should be very happy, which was as true as the gospel, for they had not tasted anything fit to eat since their capture ; and what was worse, the ennui of their dungeon had not been enlivened by a drop of wine all the time : a hard case, that seemed a bitter mockery, when nothing but a wall separated them from the renowned Heidelberg tun, the grandfather of all the barrels. Besides this, they conjectured that it might be a good opportunity of talking over their ransoms, a disagreeable subject, which must, however, be approached.

"The board was spread with all the splendour that befitted a prince ; the captive bishop—he did not appear in armour now—said grace, and the guests, princely and noble, commenced operations. They made a very good start, but after a time the pace slackened ; something was manifestly wrong, and finally they came to a dead stop.

"'What is the matter, noble princes ?' said their host. 'Do these viands not tempt your appetites ? The Neckar has yielded up its fish for your repast ; the swine of the Odenwald are unrivalled in Germany ; no-

where do flocks fatten better than on the plain of Swetzingen; the stags and the roes of the Black Forest have not been spared; the Rhine offers its fragrant produce—what can be wanting?’

“‘Why, to tell your highness the truth,’ returned the bishop, ‘we cannot get on at all without bread.’

“‘Yes, there is no bread,’ said the count.

“‘Ah! where is the bread?’ asked the Markgraf.

“The Pfalzgraf looked from one to the other, with a stern and grim expression on his haughty features.

“‘The bread!’ said he; ‘it well befits you, who have trampled down the corn-fields, and burned the mills, to ask, where is the bread? You, who to support an unworthy prince on the throne of Germany, and to intrude a usurping prelate on the see of Mayence, have not spared the harmless and helpless peasant in your undistinguishing devastation, ask, where is the bread? Return to your dungeons, whence ye stir not until ye have paid your ransoms to the uttermost kreutzer. You, my lord bishop, fifty thousand florins; and you, noble princes, one hundred thousand each, that I may be able to give my subjects the bread you have deprived them of; and when next you let loose the furies of war upon an unoffending peasantry, and deprive them of the very means of supporting their lives, remember why the bread was wanting at the banquet at Heidelberg.’”

From this legend a very stinging moral might be deduced, for monopoly can as effectually do the work of famine as war. But to the volumes before us. It is not often that the Captain narrates in this serious manner. The following quotation, which forms the commencement of the story of the ‘Nixie of the Stauffenberg,’ is more in his usual cut-and-thrust style.

“In the good old times, when men were tolerably simple and well-behaved—in short, while they were good children—the earth found infinitely more favour in the eyes of spirits, than it does in these hobbledy-hoyish days, when the mind of man, like that incarnation of abomination, ‘a promising youth,’ has thrown off the simplicity and the docility of childhood, without by any means attaining the knowledge or the steadiness that should characterize manhood.

“In those days there were no useful knowledge societies to teach labouring men why nobody knows anything about hieroglyphics—how far it is from Bagdad to Ispahan—how many miles one may dig into the earth without much danger of burning one’s fingers, and such like indispensable information. Temperance societies had not yet sprung from the union of fanaticism and inebriety. The just vengeance of neglected Heaven had not visited a presumptuous and self-relying world, in the shape of philosophers in petticoats. Children were taught to fear God, to honour the king, and to love their neighbour as themselves; and it had not become a maxim in the mouths of the enlightened, that Herodotus and Thucydides were to be believed, Ezra and Nehemiah not, Cæsar and Livy were to be authorities, Luke and John not, as is a canon with the strong-minded people in this age of reason: and if there were wars in those times, there are so now, though they call them by a different name, such as ‘non-intervention in Spain,’ ‘communication in China,’ ‘armed peace in France,’ ‘military promenade in Belgium,’ ‘temporary occupation in Algiers’ and we shall soon have a transatlantic synonym: and there never was man, beast, bird, or worm, created, that was not at war with either its own species or some other. So it was probably all right; at least the spirits thought so, for they visited the earth constantly, and resided upon it and within it, in great numbers, and on terms of tolerable familiarity,

and even sometimes friendship, and, as we shall see, something more, with the descendants of Adam, so far as their different habits and positions admitted."

We are much grieved that we are unable, from want of space, to quote a single tale intact. The treat will be, however, the greater, when the stories are perused in the freshness of their novelty. We very much deceive ourselves if these traditions do not form the fruitful source of all manner of melodramas, a few good comedies, and one or two tragedies. There is no supernatural agency that can enter the mind of man which may not be found among them; nor are these strange tales mere whimsical absurdities, contorted as they mostly are by the grotesque; there is generally a good working-day moral to be deduced from them, more or less apparent as the case may be. A few of them, of course, seem formed only to astonish or to frighten, and some few have evidently been manufactured for the sole purpose of aiding ridiculous superstitions. In taking our leave of this very interesting publication, we cannot do otherwise than most energetically recommend it to the notice of all our friends. It must, it will become extremely popular; even amidst the present struggle of principles, and the all-absorbing clashing of parties, its merits will be found sufficiently strong to excite attention, and very soon it will become a surprise, and something whereupon to hang a doubt as to good taste, when any one shall be bold enough to profess that he or she has not read Captain Charles Knox's Traditions of Western Germany.

The Little Wife, and the Baronet's Daughters. By MRS. GREY, author of the "Young Prima Donna," and "The Duke." 3 vols.

It is now universally confessed that it requires the union of no few very high qualifications to arouse the attention and enchain the interest in the concoction of a new novel, and none will more heartily assent to this assertion than the writers of the platitudes that at this season inundate the public, for they always conceive that they lead in this department of literature, when, in fact, they are unable to follow at even the remotest distance. These, wanting the necessary talent to produce a good novel, and a good novel is a very good thing, attempt to supply the deficiency by violence, exaggeration, caricature, and all manner of outrage, and thus taking their places in the "intensity school," succeed, by rendering their readers intensely weary, and themselves intensely ridiculous. How many names strike us at this moment as falling under this description! But the author of the two tales before us is diametrically opposite to writers of this description, for she is quiet, simple, most natural, and consequently most effective. If she sins at all, she is too unadorned, too pure, and too transparent in her style and her manner of relation, and yet the chasteness never chills into insipidity, her graceful equalness never deteriorates into coldness. She presents us with a picture of nature, not indeed glowing under the scorching glare of the meridian sun,

but as it is seen in the delicious coolness of a May morning, where we can discover nothing to agonize the feelings, or shock the nervous system. In these tales we have no astounding transitions, no attractive impossibilities, no impracticable escapes, no dreadful suspense, but they are delicious in the want of them, and we acknowledge, as we read, that we are reading such pages as nature herself would produce, were the but little-known goddess to turn author. The first tale is of a Doric simplicity in its construction. A noble-minded hero marries a very young girl, all but a child, "the Little Wife" of the story, himself being of the mature age of thirty and eight. Let the reader imagine her to be as small as she can be, with the attributes of great beauty—the beauty being equally superior in mind as well as in body. The hero has a godson, an Adonis, as his secretary, whose mind does not quite equal his person in perfection. He falls in love with his patron's little wife, and then commences the peculiar excellence of the story. Mrs. Grey here, unlike other novelists, fights the battle, not of a meretricious excitement, not of a spurious interest, but of principle, stern unbending principle, and uses in the contest the very best of weapons, *common sense*. The results are just those that we should expect from like events in every-day life. Some twelve years after, the once youthful infatuated lover meets the object of his former devotion, and then wonders how he ever could have been so presumptuous and so foolish. "The Baronet's Daughters" is a tale of a more vivacious description, and good as is "The Little Wife," the "Daughters" are calculated to become still more popular. There is a quaintness and a naïve archness about this story, told in the first person, that is very seductive. As it branches out into a number of little episodes, a short outline of the plot we could not give, and for a long one we have no space. Animation and variety characterize all its chapters. It is written in a very piquant and off-hand manner. It often deserves the almost obsolete commendation of writing of the present day, of being absolutely witty. Are there two works of fiction published this season of which so much can be said? We have praised Mrs. Grey more than we had intended, not because we do not honestly believe that she deserves the full measure of our panegyric, but because it is not always expedient, though it may be just, to give the full measure in these matters, and because it has left us no room to point out several little blemishes and inaccuracies which we hope to see remedied in another edition, to which these volumes bid fair to attain.

The Idler in France. By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. 2 Vols.

This work, from the pen of the most deservedly popular authoress of our times, we must receive as we would a literary production hallowed by antiquity, and look upon it at once as an authority for the facts and principles which it promulgates, and as a classical example of elegance of writing in the manner of expressing them. No one ever more completely possessed that charm so irresistible of saying everything in the best possible manner, and giving to each sentence a

grace, if not a consequence, so that we never find her periods so short as to be inharmonious, or so long as to appear tedious. But that, which is still more seductive, is the friendliness and the heartiness of her manner; they enlist us at once on her side of the argument, and we do not hesitate a moment to receive as unanswerable, that which she states with all the strength of sincerity, and beautifies with all the graces of composition. If the countess was an idler in France, hers was an idleness that has set the world most actively thinking—and thinking, not only to some purpose, but in the right direction also. We find her ladyship, at the opening of the first volume, at Nismes, of which we have a vivid description, and much that is curious concerning the Roman antiquities which abound in and near that ancient town. Before we have finished the first chapter, we feel ourselves in the confidence of the author, our heart warms towards her, and we receive every sentence as if it fell from the lips of a valued friend. From Nismes our intelligent traveller proceeded to St. Rémy, and from thence to Lyons, of which cities we have delightful notices. In the fifth chapter we are at once placed amongst the gaieties and the elegant dissipations of Paris; we go shopping with the *élite* of the fashion, and find ourselves unconsciously one of the *élite* in the most exclusive set of the ancient aristocracy. Dinners and soirées follow in rapid succession, and, though the over rigid may fancy that all this is matter of but little consequence, we can assure them that they are mistaken, for it forms a brilliant history of the minds and of the modes of thinking of a most influential class, at a moment pregnant with the fate of a dynasty, and the destinies of a great empire. All this is enlivened and made instructive by the numerous characters, all of them distinguished, that are passed rapidly before us. It is a picture of life, and a most striking one. The personages who step before us, make their bow, and are then dismissed by her smile, are of all nations, and of every degree of notoriety. Among our own countrymen we find Lord Yarmouth, Colonel Lygon, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, Sir Francis Burdett, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Sir Robert Peel, Charles Kemble, Sir William Gell, Lord Byron, indeed almost all who made themselves conspicuous on the world's stage about ten years ago. Many of these are still playing their parts honourably and actively, and very many have made their exits to enact loftier parts amidst more glorious scenes. It is a great honour, and one to be coveted much, to be placed in this distinguished list. These slight sketches, though piquant, are all panegyrical. This steadily, nay even pertinaciously, looking at the favourable side of people's character, and that side only, is the single failing which we can discover in the writings of the countess. There is not an ill-natured sentence in her two volumes. It would be difficult to find a harsh one, for even when truth compels her to be condemnatory, she reproves with so much leniency, and with so many humane reservations, that our minds are involuntarily more occupied with the goodness of the reprover than with the offences of the reprovèd. The amusing anecdotes so lavishly scattered through the work are all of the choicest description, and made more charming by the epigrammatic raciness with which they are told. Though the countess had a decided dis-

taste to politics, she could not shut her ears against the dull roar of the coming storm. The days of July were at hand, with their blood-dyed violence, and their deeds of anarchy and magnanimity. The authoress is a lover of order, an enthusiastic admirer of the devotion of loyalty, and consequently descants upon the imbecility and rashness of Charles X. more in pity than in anger. There is no more graphic, no truer description of this revolution extant, than the one given in this work. The authoress herself unconsciously performed the part of a heroine on more than one occasion. This portion of the work is invaluable. It cannot be read without the most intense and painful interest. She saw the struggle out, and then soon after left the French to their glory, and their newly-acquired liberties, to consider whether they are more prosperous or more happy under a citizen king, a king who had cost them so much bloodshed to procure. Revolutions attained by physical force are bad precedents. They are too often thought of by the ruled, and never forgotten by the rulers, thus making the relation between them insecure, and too often invidious. We must conclude our very imperfect notice of this admirable work, by stating our conviction, that it is but little short of a duty for every one to peruse it, and when perused, the duty will be found that which a duty is so seldom considered to be, a great and an unalloyed pleasure.

Memoranda on France, Italy, Germany; with Remarks on Climate, Medical Practice, Mineral Waters, &c.; to which is added an Appendix on some of the Predisposing Causes of Diseases, and on the Advantages of Travel and Residence Abroad. By EDWIN LEE, Esq., M.R.C.S., Corresponding Member of several of the Principal European Medical and Surgical Societies, Author of the "Baths of Germany," "A Treatise on some Nervous Disorders," &c.

This is the production of a scholar and a gentleman—of one who knows how to be interesting whilst he is scientific, and to convey most valuable and sterling information with all the graces that are expected to adorn elegant literature. Of course, in the descriptions of the different places visited by the doctor, we cannot, in this age of seeing a little and publishing everything, hope to find much originality. Travellers now, so great is the generality of travelling, when they fail to be amusing, dare not longer either lie or misrepresent, and thus nothing has been left to our author to discover or to rectify; but he has viewed his subjects with the eye of medical science, and thus brought matters more vividly into view which are of paramount importance to the well-being of society. The author proceeded to Paris by the way of Boulogne, and in his memoranda on the capital of France we find very much to amuse and instruct, and hints that must be valuable to the invalid. We admire his patriotic spirit, which, while it does justice to our capricious neighbours, gives the palm to either nation on those points to which it is justly due. We then traverse many of the principal places in the south of France,

and their advantages to the sick are duly noticed. We arrive, at length, at Nice, and proceed through most of the resorts of the valetudinarian until we are located at Rome, and its various aids to salubrity descanted upon. At this place the author is seen to much advantage. The nomenclature even of the places which he visited would occupy too much space; he reaches Venice, and returns through Germany by the Rhine, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, and Calais. All that could be gathered that may be useful or consolatory to those afflicted with any of the numerous ailments which make life a burden is pointed out, and that with as much impartiality as discrimination. The author, it is quite apparent, has no selfish interest to provide for, and is influenced neither by the prejudices of venality nor of egotism. What he says we may depend upon—not always the case with promulgators of new systems, or with physicians resident at or near some noted bath, or health-vaunted locality. This is a book exclusively for the aristocracy and for the upper and the middle classes; for those who have money to fee their doctors, and ample means to carry out the advice which that fee may produce. But where is the patriotic doctor who will write a book so intelligent as this for the working and the over-worked millions? To these Doctor Lee's book is a dead letter. Can they get to Nice, or Milan, or Lucca? Of what use are the various baths of Germany to those whose finances will enable them to travel no farther than the infirmary of the next workhouse? Are there no substitutes for this plan? We call upon some of the generous-hearted of the faculty, if there be any, to point them out. With the exception of plethoric gout, we find that all the diseases which foreign travel and foreign baths will cure or alleviate, are peculiarly obnoxious to the poor man. What should he do on the appearance of incipient consumption? He cannot fly from our harsh climate like the man of ample or even moderate means; and yet much might be done for him, if the philanthropic and enlightened physician would take his case into consideration. We wish that Doctor Lee were the man. He has written an excellent work for the rich, and a similar work for the poor would possess a double excellence, and one which would earn a higher and more lasting reward than aristocratic patronage or literary renown could bestow, nor would these fail to follow in its train. It almost made us smile when, in his remarks on the predisposing causes of disease, he strongly insists upon equanimity of mind. Where is it to be found in this state of hot-bed refinement, of forced civilization, in which the masses are actually fighting for their daily bread—and where but only a few in every class are always treading upon the brink of ruin? No, we must learn to adapt ourselves and our minds to the march of events, and acquire a fish-like habit of living healthily in troubled waters if we can.

Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. Written for Young People. By Captain MARRYAT.

An idea may be excellent, yet the promise that it gives may be falsified by an incompetency of carrying out the thought to its legiti-

mate end. The mind, commencing in the freshness of a new excitement, generally works vigorously at the commencement, and either sees no difficulties, or, seeing them, shuffles them off to an indefinite period, to be conquered in some indefinite division in the projected undertaking. We merely state this, that we may be excused from too highly praising that which we truly confess already deserves great praise. That piece may be damned in the second or the third act, that passed triumphantly through the first. As far as is shown of this fiction, it is marked by the exhibition of Captain Marryat's usual strong common sense. It is simple and natural in its diction, and well calculated to enchain the attention of the juveniles to whose amusement and instruction it is devoted. It is a good means of teaching them how to make the most of their mental and physical faculties, showing them not only how to think, but how to act. Though we miss, in this volume, the author's dry and caustic humour, it is more than supplied by a vein of humble and natural piety, and there is not a sentence in it that will not tend to make little boys that sort of good little boys which usually produce good men. For our parts, we do not see much resemblance between this tale and the history of Robinson Crusoe. Masterman Ready has not that real, hard cut outline which makes Robinson so natural. Masterman is a more specious fellow, seeking rather to inculcate all the decencies and moralities of life, than to tell a tale of hardihood, of sufferings and of invention. All the time he is at work, he has an eye on his audience for applause. He is no Robinson Crusoe.

Family Records ; or, the Two Sisters. By Lady CHARLOTTE BURY.
3 Vols.

A very charming novel has her ladyship produced. She has raised her superstructure upon the following foundations. A venerable and most worthy general, of the name of Falkland, is more blessed than was Jephthah the judge of Israel, for the general was possessed of two daughters instead of one, both of whom were passing fair, but, unfortunately for them, they both fix their affections upon the same dazzling and bewitching object, one Eric Hamilton. This young gentleman has every virtue under the sun, and one vice, that usually seeks the night for its exhibition—a more than fashionable addiction to gambling. This was wrong in him, the more especially as he was so handsome a man, for late hours and horrible excitements are very unfriendly to good looks. However, of the two sisters he secretly prefers the elder, Susan, although both the young ladies fancy that the younger, Margaret, is the object of his choice. Then there arises an intricacy of lovings, a certain Lord De Tracey being devoted to Susan, and an Evelyn Marchmont to Margaret. The latter gentleman soon relinquishes his suit in despair, suspecting that Hamilton also loves her, but the more decided Lord De Tracey perseveres in his adorations of Susan, though well knowing that she secretly prefers this very dangerous Hamilton, and, what is still much more to the pur-

pose, offers her his hand. Susan, calling a woman's proper pride to her assistance, makes it a point of duty to attempt to conquer her unrequited passion for Hamilton, the more especially as she supposes, that, at no very distant day, she will have to congratulate him as the husband of her sister. She also knows how greatly this alliance will please her papa. So, in the usual manner, she consents to become Lady Tracey, if his lordship will take a second place in her heart, which he may hope soon, by assiduity, devotion, &c., to exchange for a first. They are accordingly married, and, upon the consummation of this mistake, Eric Hamilton hastens to the continent, all recklessness and despair. In the mean while, Evelyn Marchmont has succeeded, by the death of his uncle, to the title of Lord Ormiston, and with the title, to great wealth, and thereupon is going to marry a very beautiful girl, a Miss Caroline Sommerville. We like in these abstracts to give the name, as it renders them the more imposing; for the reader must perceive, that, in a tale of this description nothing plebeian could possibly be admitted. The new Lord Ormiston is about to make the lady his wife, for the simplest of all reasons in a lord—because she had fallen in love with him—however, a consumption on the lady's lungs prevents this display of reason in the lord. She dies. After which the course of the story returns to Lord and Lady De Tracey, who proceed to France, his lordship being most disagreeably and causelessly jealous. The poor man had no right to his memory after marriage. He behaves in a very ungentlemanly manner; for, though loving his wife much, he treats her very cruelly; it is true, having another attachment, not quite so reputable, to the dice, and becoming dreadfully in debt, may in some measure account for his uniform harshness to the object of his affections. This ill-advised husband, and bad player at cards and hazard, has lost large sums of money to the Countess of Rambouillet—(by-the-bye Sterne has a droll story of a lady of the same name in his *Sentimental Journey*, which might make the cognomen a little dangerous)—a very bad woman, who has chosen to fall in love with her debtor. Consequently, she encourages the jealousy of her dupe; and to make the caldron boil the more merrily, informs Eric Hamilton, with whom also she is acquainted, that Susan is still passionately fond of him, and that his attentions, though she is married, will be received with anything rather than coldness or disapprobation. Thereupon, on the first opportunity, the man speaks out; is repulsed, but takes his disappointment so sillily, that he hangs his head and dies broken-hearted, but not before he had told the husband, whom he had endeavoured to supplant, that his wife was purity itself. The remorse of Lord De Tracey at his ill-usage of his wife is very proper and very affecting. All the winds now coincide in blowing towards the virtuous point, and to aid this gale of morality the more effectually, his lordship's father very opportunely dies, and he is thus enabled to pay his gambling debts to the intriguing countess. He then makes the *amende honorable* to his countess by, as the old writers would have said, the most tender attentions, and the most attentive tenderness. Margaret Falkland, after the death of Eric Hamilton, and the discovery that it was her sister Susan to whom, when living, he had been attached, weans

herself from her foolish devotion to him, and soon after marries her old suitor, Lord Ormiston. Thus all the surviving *dramatis personæ*, at the end of the piece, find themselves quite as happy as they deserve to be, and thus everything ends to their satisfaction, and that of the reader. There are several spirited and amusing episodes interspersed throughout, to which we can only allude. The conversational portions of the story are extremely well sustained, and the characters, throughout, are consistent, which is a feature too little attended to in the generality of novels. After the "Family Records" follow two short tales, each of them possessing considerable merit; they are respectively entitled "The Promise," and "The Lovers." In conclusion we may state, that Lady Bury has produced nearly a thousand very amusing pages, and in this her last work, has more than sustained her previously well-earned literary reputation.

Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine, with Hygienic directions for the Physical Culture of Youth, as a means of Preventing the Disease, &c. By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon.

Medical gentlemen, when they confine their publications to medical matters, generally write well, almost always plausibly. This arises from their having well considered their subject matters, and though they may be, and often are, mistaken in their views, they are so familiar with that which they have been speculating upon for years, that they cannot fail to be specious, if not convincing. This treatise on the Curvatures of the Spine has all the *primâ facie* evidence of being correct in its principles, as assuredly the practice has been successful on which those principles are founded. It cannot be expected that we should go into technical minutiae in the short notice that we are enabled to give this work, which work is one more addressed to the faculty than to the public at large. However, it is a necessity for all those, and the friends of all those, who are afflicted with spinal maladies, attentively to peruse this work. It also contains a valuable chapter on pulmonary consumption. In time we shall have something sensible written on this fatal and too general disease. We have long had our impressions that it is not only curable, but, comparatively speaking, easily curable. When a disease of the lungs terminates fatally, it is called a consumption—when the same disease in another subject happens to be cured, then it is dogmatically affirmed that it is no consumption at all; and it is thus that we are cheated by terms, and, what is still worse, many excellent people frightened to death by what were, in the first instance, only slight affections of the chest. We must conclude by saying that Mr. Hare has written a valuable book upon a subject of great importance, and that he has written it well.

The Maid of Orleans. A Romantic Tragedy from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller. By NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

This tragedy, more talked of than known among our countrymen, from the high estimation in which it is held abroad, demands some little notice. Some portions of the continent have arrogated to its author the dignifying title of the German Shakspeare. To judge how correctly he deserves this appellation, we must be enabled to think and feel with his countrymen; this we never can do, though we may approximate to it. As Englishmen, we certainly should disallow this honour, and be inclined to pronounce that very little satisfies the Germans, or that they but very little understand the genius of Shakspeare. So far as we can see that genius exemplified in the *Maid of Orleans*, and expressed through the medium of a translation, (very excellent as is that translation,) we should say that Schiller came far short from the mark. Though the *Maid of Orleans* gives her name to the play, for all that, as an historical personage, she has to do with it, it might be called anything else. It is not called an historical, but a romantic tragedy, certainly, yet, it is essentially more melo-dramatic than either historical or romantic. With the same scenes and personages, any other heroine would have done quite as well as Joan of Arc. This maiden, though only brought in incidentally by Shakspeare, is, in his hands, a truer and by far more interesting character. In the first part of Schiller's play we find Johanna an inspired shepherdess, talking eloquently, of course, by means of her miraculous inspiration, and it is the machinery of this divine inspiration which is the great vice of the tragedy. Grant her to be the agent of a miracle, and philosophy is shocked, and the truth of history violated. There were human causes more than sufficient for the extravagance of her actions, both in success and in defeat. It is with those that a skilful poet should have worked. After she has rescued Orleans, two of the king of France's courtiers fall in love with her, which is natural enough, but she rejects the homage of both because it has been revealed to her that the moment in which she gives way to human passion will be the first step to her downfall. Then follow many actions in the extravagance of the melo-dramatic. She fights with and is on the point of slaying an Englishman, when, looking into his face, she falls desperately in love with him on the spot. After this her downward course is rapid. She is believed to be a witch by her own party, and all desert her, with the exception of a husbandman, her former lover when she moved in humble life,—all that ensues is violent, unmatured, and in direct opposition to history. But notwithstanding these animadversions, which a sense of the truthful has compelled us to make, as this play is so popular in Germany, we must suppose that the Germans understand tragedy in a different sense from ourselves. It is undeniable that it contains many beautiful and exciting passages, and much of the noblest description of eloquence. Its great defect is the absence of probability throughout the whole tragedy. The translator has done the most for the author. His versification is smooth, and yet his lines are spirited. Excepting that the language is not that

which we should exactly expect from a country wench, but which objection may be overruled by asserting that all about her was miraculous, the following soliloquy will be found to possess much grace and considerable power.

“ Farewell ye hills, ye plains I love so well,
 Ye vales of peace and quiet, fare ye well !
 Johanna ne’er again shall tread your sod !
 Farewell for ever ! ye—ye meadows too
 Whose tender grass I watered—ye—ye trees,
 Who owe your nurture to my fostering care—
 Green, blossom as ye have done ! Fare ye well,
 Ye grottoes and ye cooling founts ! and thou
 Sweet echo, voice melodious of the vale,
 Thou, who didst ever answer to my call,—
 Johanna leaves thee—never to return !

Home of my infant pleasures,—sweet retreat
 Of peace and innocence, farewell—farewell !
 Ye lambs, who have no shepherd for your feet,
 Go, wander, heedless now, from grove to dell !
 Another flock is given me now to guide,
 Of war and death upon the bloody field ;
 Such is my holy calling ;—’tis not pride
 Nor vain ambition’s call, to which I yield.”

We really invite the public attention to this translation, as a means of rendering more familiar to the English reader a play that has made much noise abroad, and one which, in its present dress, will afford much pleasure in the perusal, although we must again repeat that it ought never to have been entitled “*The Maid of Orleans*.”

The Sandwich Islands, a Poem. By SAMUEL LUCAS, of Queen’s College, Oxford.

This short but very beautiful poem comes before us with high credentials, having been judged worthy of the Newdigate Prize in the University to which its author belongs, to the prejudice of more than fourscore competitors. Mr. Lucas has contended, and right successfully, against a somewhat intractable subject, which lacks the unity and completeness of such themes as the “*Apollo Belvidere*,” or the “*Exile of St. Helena*,” and the lofty solemn grandeur of “*Palestine*.” He has succeeded in inspiring in his readers an interest for his subject, which they did not feel when considering it before : and this, we take it, is a sure note of genius. And in giving a place in that volume which already contains the first works of Heber, of Professor Wilson, and of Milman, he has met his reward. We have only space to quote the concluding passage, which may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

“ Albion ! to thee once more our thoughts incline,
 From lands of which discovery’s meed was thine,
 In that proud day which bade a nation leap,
 As ’twere a new creation, from the deep,

That fill'd a blank on Nature's living page,
 To stand, thy record, to a distant age.
 Yet is a loftier boast within thy power
 Than the chance glories of one happy hour;—
 Fire from his central hearth the Grecian bore,
 Who led his followers to a foreign shore,
 But Albion's sons to these lone isles have brought
 A gift that far surpass'd the Grecian's thought,
 Fire from His shrine, whom Heaven and earth obey,
 And worlds to last when these have pass'd away,
 No earthly flame that warms the insensate clod,
 But fires from altars of the living God."

Pride ; or, the Heir of Craven. A Tale of the Fifteenth Century. In Six Cantos. By HENRY COOK, Esq., Author of "Adrian," "the Star of Destiny," &c. &c.

There is a great deal of merit, and still more of promise, in this poem. The construction of the modulated sentences is nearly faultless, and the euphony of the lines unexceptionable. In the mechanism of the verse we find nothing to be desired; and, in the sentiments, the fervour, the imagery, and in all those qualities which constitute poetry, no great deal to condemn. The plot of the tale is clear, and very well developed by the actors; and the interest of the reader is, throughout, well sustained. There is something too much of ambitious straining after the grand, discernible at times; a few efforts after the impossible, and now and then a failure through having attempted too much. The author, apparently, has yet to learn, that the utmost simplicity of diction will often reach that sublimity after which a display of grandiloquent verbiage would toil in vain. The following quotation is a fair specimen of the author's manner, if not of his power. It is a duel *à l'outrance*.

"The clarion sounded—forth the champions rode—
 The Craven's steed, impatient of his load—
 A noble sight—with widely floating mane
 And fire-lit eye, dashed headlong o'er the plain.
 His rider seemed his spirit fierce to share,
 And spurred him on. Upon the ringing air
 The signal broke; the stranger slowly paced
 Across the plain, until at length he faced
 His haughty foe. No more that stirring sound,
 A kindred echo in his spirit found;
 Sadly he went upon his silent way,
 As though unwilling for the coming fray.
 The trumpet sounded—snorting on the air,
 The chargers bounded on their wild career;
 Each rider sat prepared. Behold! behold!
 The glistening points that fatal message told
 No idle trial now of knightly power—
 No gay amusement of the passing hour—
 But deadly war, fierce conflict to the death:
 In mute anxiety was hushed each breath—
 Each sound was still'd, and not a voice was heard—
 Each gazed in silent dread, as, wildly spurred,

The steeds rushed onward, eager for the fight,
And met midway with overwhelming might.
The Craven's blow upon the stranger's shield
Fell full, but harmless; but, upon the field,
His long lance splintered, proved the bitter might,
Which nerved the arm of that revengeful knight.
The stranger placed his long thin lance in rest,
Aiming its point upon the Craven's crest,
With force resistless fell that fearful blow,
Crushed in the helmet of his mighty foe,
And hurled him from his horse. The Craven drew
His glittering steel, and on the stranger flew—
Who turned—his charger rearing madly high—
Rolled on the plain. With one revengeful cry,
Earl Craven rushed upon his foe—his blood
Boiling with rage: the stranger proudly stood
Clear of his fallen steed, and quickly bared
His flashing blade, then turned, for all prepared.
Urged by the maddest feelings rage can yield,
The blows fell fast on ringing sword and shield—
Now the proud Craven—now the stranger bore
The transient triumph of the changeful war:
Pride—anger—hate, and all the evil band
Of furies, nerved the Craven's rapid hand.
Blow followed blow, and rung with ceaseless sound;
But still unscathed the stranger held his ground.
At length the Craven on his foeman prest;
And smote him fiercely, on his lofty crest,
With stunning force."

This will be found to be a plain versified description of matter-of-fact, in forcible language, but with little embellishment from the assistance that the eloquence of the Muses might have afforded. The repetition of the word "Craven," is so much insisted upon that it wearies even to the verge of offending. But, as it would be very ungracious in us to appear to be captious on a part of that which we so much approve of as a whole, we will only say that the piece is well worthy of the public attention and patronage; that the author has an intense feeling for and appreciation of the gorgeous and the picturesque, and that he is fast acquiring the capability of communicating that feeling to others—in fact, that he is making himself a poet in the higher sense of the word. It is true, that the poet must be born a poet, but still, in spite of the Latin motto, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*, when he is born there is still a great deal of making required afterwards; but it must be a sort of self-making, and will be found to consist in application, the study of the best models, and in a deference to good advice. The Horatian rule should not be overlooked by Mr. Cook, when he next offers the world so long a poem.

The Sword of Rath Coll to the Chief of his name.

This is as rich a piece of genealogy as was ever presented to the antiquarian. Of all vanities that ever inflated and rendered contemptible the heart of man, this is the most contemptible. Morality, re-

ligion, every sentiment that ennobles mankind, bid us reverence an individual for what he is, without respect to what his ancestors have been. The book before us appears to have been compiled in order to glorify some Irish gentleman of the name of Kelly, and his genealogy is consequently traced back, not only to the flood, but within a few days of the creation of the world. It would have been prudent for this laudator to have stopped at the deluge; thus he might have upheld the exclusiveness of the Irish race; but, inadvertently we suppose, he has equalized the Kellies with all the Snookes and Pitmanses, by tracing them up to "the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God." In going over the list of hard names and crowned heads from which Mr. Kelly proceeded, we find only men of the haughty will, the red hand, and the destroying sword. Conquerors almost all—not one benefactor of the human race, in the virtuous sense of the word. The motive with which this work was published is sufficiently apparent from the work itself—it is to beg for a patent of nobility. The following quotation can mean nothing else.

"Neither, sir, have I been actuated by the vanity of name, or influenced by a desire to see my patronymic connected with the lofty-sounding titles of my chief, in accumulating these notes and giving order to them—but to present the Chief of Rath-Cöll with a written map, chart, or plan, showing title to estate won and lost, and won and lost again, *by conquest*. Yet, are the honours attending such ancient possessions, and the associations and recollections connected with them, to be buried in oblivion? And are some of these honours not reclaimable? Is the representative of Cölla O'Kelly in Elizabeth's time—his son, his grandson, and his great grandson, down to the times of James II., and from thence, laterally, brought down to yourself, sir, unworthy of the drapery of nobility in the reign of the first Victoria, of these now united kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland? The services of *four* field-officers, so distinguished as were the chiefs of Rath-Cöll, I have just been enumerating in succession, through *five* reigns of British sovereigns, whose royal and legitimate cause they defended and maintained with filial piety and soldier-like devotion, *are*, surely, *not* to be forgotten and overlooked! Nor is the chief of his name, who represents them *now*, unworthy of high consideration."

Half a century hence this book will be looked upon as a rich curiosity, if it should escape the deserved oblivion with which it is now threatened.

A History of British Starfishes, and other Animals of the Class Echinodermata. By EDWARD FORBES, M. A. S. For. Society, B. I., &c.

We conceive the history of these very curious animals to be as well written as, with our present means of information, it could by any possibility have been. The author has contrived to make the subject extremely interesting, and even those who seek in the reading amusement only, will rise from the perusal of this work far from being disappointed. The wood-cuts are some of the best specimens of art, as an example of which, we would refer to the representation of that most curious creature, The Shallard Argus, in page 67. The termi-

nations of the chapters are, for the most part, decorated, with curious and humorous vignettes, executed in the best style. As a mere book, it would be an ornament to any library. To the uninitiated we will briefly state what are the characteristics of these Echinodermata, examples of which we kick about unnoticed on all our sea-beaches. In their general shape, they nearly approach the polypus, in an infinite variety of forms. We find them ranging from the beautiful figures of a full star and covered with a complete shell, down to the appearance of a few miserable worms radiating from a common centre. Yet most of them are very voracious animals, and seem to have an infinite relish for their food. They have commonly a wonderful capability of reproducing their lost members, and are not destroyed, if each of them be equally divided; thus more than carrying out the idea of the fabulous and ancient hydra. Even the lowest of these beings have very complete digestive organs, besides circulating, respiratory, and nervous arrangements, in a state of less or more complication, according to the various habits of the being. Indeed, this is a work over which speculation may dream with pleasure, and on which philosophy may descant with advantage. In a word, the treatise is a very valuable one.

The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S., &c. &c. Mammalia. Volume XII. Horses. The Equidæ, or Genus Equus of Authors. By Lieut.-Col. CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, K.H. and K.W.; F.R. and L.S., President of the Devon and Cornwall Natural Hist. Society, &c. &c.

As the title-page which we have quoted indicates, this treatise upon horses has been written by Colonel Smith for the twelfth volume of the Naturalist's Library, and a very instructive and efficient volume it is. It is opened by an interesting memoir of Gesner, which is followed by an introduction displaying much historical and horse-genealogical research, and containing some sound views of comparative anatomy. We have then an animated description of the naturally born and descended wild horse, from which we are led to the discussion of those breeds of horses which the author designates as *Feral*, by which he means to indicate horses now in a wild state, but which have degenerated from ancestors which were once domesticated and trained horses. Spanish America exhibits countless numbers of these animals. We then arrive at the most important part of the volume, the description of the domestic horse. The following is a fair specimen of the vivacity and lucidness of the author's style.

“In the domestic horse we behold an animal equally strong and beautiful, endowed with great docility, and no less fire; with size and endurance joined to sobriety, speed, and patience; clean, companionable, emulous, even generous; forbearing, yet impetuous; with faculties susceptible of very considerable education, and perceptions which catch the spirit of man's intentions, lending his powers with the utmost readiness, and restraining them with as ready a compliance: saddled or in harness, labouring willingly; enjoying the sports of the field, and exulting in the

tumult of battle ; used by mankind in the most laudable and necessary operations, and often the unconscious instrument of the most sanguinary passions : applauded, cherished, then neglected, and ultimately abandoned to the authority of bipeds who often show little superiority of reason, and much less of temper. One who, like ourselves, has repeatedly owed life to the exertions of his horse, in meeting a hostile shock, in swimming across streams, and in passing on the edge of elevated precipices, will feel with us, when contemplating the qualities of this most valuable animal, emotions of gratitude and affection which others may not so readily appreciate.

“ Mohammed, in his pretended inspiration, speaking of horses, makes the Almighty create them from a condensation of the south-west wind, which is a repetition of the Lusitanian fable ; but when he represents the Deity saying, ‘Thou shalt be for man a source of happiness and wealth ; thy back shall be a seat of honour, and thy belly of riches : every grain of barley given to thee shall purchase indulgence for the sinner !’ he knew what people he addressed.”

We are then made acquainted with the various races which have combined to make our domestic horses the valuable assistants to us that they are. These races we have not even the space to enumerate. In order that no mistake should arise through the inefficiency of words to describe the different breeds, they are portrayed by well-coloured engravings, the which wonderfully increases the value of the work. It is a homely, but a good proverb, that a gentleman is known by his horse. We would go still farther, and say, that every gentleman should know everything concerning his horses—not in the spirit of the farrier, or even that of the mere dealer ; but humanity should induce him to have an extensive knowledge of his horses’ powers, the various ailments to which they are subjected, their nature and their temper ; and, we state it confidently, all this necessary knowledge may be found in the treatise before us. The book is got up in a very handsome manner, and has, for a frontispiece, a well-engraved portrait of Gesner, and a characteristic and clever vignette title-page. We should suppose that this volume will command a wide circulation, the more especially as there is now a great impulse given to all manner of equine sporting, on account of the royal and aristocratic patronage which is bestowed upon it.

England's Trust, and other Poems. By LORD JOHN MANNERS.

The spirit that has inspired these poems is “beautiful exceedingly.” It breathes the most heartfelt piety, and that trustingness in God’s providence, and his all-pervading benevolence, that is at once prayer and song combined. We request that the poem of “England’s Trust” may be read in its legitimate sense. To the superficial, it might almost seem to be laudatory of the Popish religion ; but that his lordship actually means our Episcopal Reformed Church, must be evident from the following sonnet on Rome :—

“ Hard-hearted Rome ! a grievous sin is thine,
In that thou hast not e’en as yet suppressed
Thy cruel mandate, under which we pine
In foreign lands, and offerest no rest

To souls world-wearied, way worn, and oppressed,
In purer days, in one unbroken line,
The Church's children, like the seamless vest
Of Him, her Master, bound by ties divine,
By prayer, and vigil, fast, and sacrament,
Stood, firm, and knew not heresy nor rent.
And now, how weary is this heart of mine,
Because thou wilt not do thy Lord's behest,
But still on worldly pomp and rule art bent,
Albeit thine eye is dim, the daylight well nigh spent."

This must be the expositor and antidote to such passages as these :—

"What! must we now confess that all in vain
Have years of toil, reproach, unrest, and pain,
Witnessed our ceaseless struggles to restore
Back to the Church her purity of yore?
Must we confess that Peace and Oneness fled,
And Strife and Schism triumphed in their stead;
When the lascivious tyrant for a whim
Bade Faith resume her long discarded trim,
And in a moment's fit of heady rage
Burst the strong fetters of a fretful age?
In truth to see the countless sects that rend
Our once united isle from end to end,
To hear their jarring and discordant sounds,
To mark the blasphemy that scorns all bounds,
The hollow charity that fain would see
'Twixt truth and falsehood no diversity,
Well might stout hearts admit a craven fear,
And read in wrath God's judgment graven here.
And if e'en now one ray of hope appears,
Like maiden's smile all brightening through her tears,
'Tis that our sons may from experience know
What bitter streams from modern fountains flow;
And turn their steps, ere 'tis too late to turn,
To ancient Faith's yet unforgotten urn."

Most of the poems are of a serious strain, and are skilfully constructed and most happily conceived. Indeed, our author sometimes carries his pious feelings into subjects in which we little expected to find them—though why he and all men should not do so, it would be hard to pronounce. That this extracting a religious application from the most trivial matters sometimes throws an air of ridicule upon the act, is true; but that it is the fault of a giddy and ill regulated world that these applications should be esteemed ridiculous, is still more true. Still, while men's minds are constituted as they are, we are sorry to see some verses written by his lordship, and entitled "A Toothache in the Pyrenees," thus wound up :—

"And thou in fear and pain must tread
The path that saints have trod,
If thou would'st join the holy dead
Before the throne of God."

The verse itself is unexceptionable, but we certainly do not like its position. These poems must place the lord in no mean rank among

authors; and they must be to him a source of unalloyed pleasure, even if his mind be so chastened by religious feeling as not to permit him to indulge in the vanity of triumph at their success. From their bias, it might be inferred that his lordship is high Tory, in church, state, and politics;—he sees most regretful signs of the times, and bewails them forcibly, notwithstanding the harmony of the numbers that conveys his lamentations. Had we the space, we would willingly quote three or four odes on this subject. We predict that the author will not be slow to favour the public with another volume; and if he should do so, we trust that he will produce a piece larger than any now before us. For once, we can truly say that we find the book too short.

The Joys of Heaven. By a LAYMAN.

This work, if not too deeply and too philosophically considered, is likely to do much good. To be read with advantage, like faith, it must be taken on trust. The subject is unfathomable, and, after all the time that man can spend upon it, at best he can only produce his own speculations. Had it been the will of unsearchable Omnipotence that mortals should have known more of this matter, the blessed revelations contained in the Holy Writ would have been more explicit—but then the exercise of faith would necessarily have been less. One of the first attributes of humanity is a humble reliance upon God's goodness. He has vouchsafed to tell us, that if we obey his commandments in this world, he has provided for us an immortal banquet in the next. Let us not, then, be vainly inquisitive about our places at the heavenly feast, or concerning the bliss that is provided for us. Notwithstanding his piety, and the goodness of his intentions, the author of this work is not orthodox. He insists that no invidious distinctions will mar the joys of heaven, whilst the New Testament asserts that in God's house there are many mansions. The word "*invidious*" will not afford the author an escape from this contradiction, as it is quite superfluous and unmeaning, seeing that no feeling that can be deemed invidious is possible in the realms of eternal bliss. Again; he maintains that it would be disparaging the excellence of heaven, and outraging earthly reason, to suppose that we should meet in the eternal state with our mundane ties of wife, children, and friends. We dissent from this totally—all our best aspirations revolt against it. We must meet somebody in heaven, surely; and as we are there to be blessed with infinite intelligence according to the author's own showing, how we are to avoid our associates of earth seems to be a little curious. But even these remarks prove to us the danger of endeavouring to search into the unsearchable. Let us humbly trust, and leave these most recondite things to be unveiled to us in God's good time. The lesson handed down to us of the inexpediency, nay, of the actual sin, of plucking too irreverently at the tree of knowledge, has not yet had its proper effect. We honour the motives and commend the piety of this work, but still maintain that it must not be read too inquisitively, and then read only as the imaginings of a good, but, like the rest of his race, a fallible man.

Canadian Scenery Illustrated, uniform with American Scenery, Switzerland, Scotland, &c. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT, engraved in the first style of the art, by R. WALLIS, BRANDARD, BENTLEY, &c. The literary department by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., author of "Pencillings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.

This beautiful work proceeds in its triumphant course, every number emulating the preceding one in the picturesque and grand display of its views, and in the exquisite manner in which they are engraved. We may say that the art of using the burin has now attained perfection. We cannot conceive anything beyond the combined force and delicacy of these landscapes. The first in this part is a scene among the Thousand Isles, and one more romantic than the imagination could have conceived. Nature excels invention. The view across the boundary line is not so attractive as the last-mentioned, but is still a fine engraving, possessing, just now, a peculiar interest. The representation of the Rideau Canal is full of animation, and the locks on the same water have a stupendous and very antique appearance. The literary department is ably and impartially sustained by Mr. Willis, and of which we will speak more at length in the next notice of this pleasing work.

Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ ; with a Summary, a complete Dictionary, and an Index of Proper Names.

We have looked through this classic, and find it accurate, and very well adapted to the purposes of tuition. The type is clear and very good; in fact, everything is done to facilitate the progress of the learner—too much, perhaps, for we well remember, when at school, fagging for the meaning of the words in the Latin Dictionary, we often picked up more knowledge than we went to seek, making at the same time a resolution, accompanied by an effort, that we would never again have occasion to look out for that same tiresome word, and thus we generally contrived to retain the meaning of it in our memory. However, we find no fault with this newer method, and if, little boys *do* learn Latin faster, and retain that which they have learned longer, by these new aids, it is not *we* who will grow querulous over new-fangled notions. But still, may not the dictionary of this edition be open to this cavil? There is only one meaning given of each word—that meaning, of course, in accordance with the sense of Eutropius; when, therefore, the scholar sees the Latin word, in another context and with another sense, he becomes puzzled amazingly. Still, if the system works well, we will not insist upon this objection—indeed, it may be no valid objection at all, yet it is worthy of attention.

History of Napoleon.

This history, which for want of a better distinction, we must denominate Tyas's, is drawing to a conclusion, thirty parts of it having been already published. We have before often had occasion to speak of it approvingly in the course of its progress, and, as it approaches its

termination, we see no occasion to alter the tone of our remarks. The number before us is occupied with a relation of the sufferings and persecution which Bonaparte experienced in his captivity in St. Helena. They were most unnecessarily inflicted upon him, but he did not bear them like a hero. His vanity of arrogating to himself all the dignity, and wanting all the homage of an emperor, was pitiable in the extreme. He should have conformed to circumstances when he had ceased to have the power to control them. It seems that he wanted success and a throne, to be even comparatively a great man. The Napoleon autographs at the end of this number are very curious and very illegible. There are evidences of the weakness of vanity, even in this his apparent scorn of being obliged to do little things, and being ashamed to learn to do them well.

What to Observe, or the Traveller's Remembrancer. By J. R. JACKSON, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, and Member of various other Scientific and Literary Societies at home and abroad.

But few words will suffice to show the nature and utility of this rather bulky and very clever volume. It is a vade-mecum that may, and that should, teach every one how to make the most of their faculties. It is interrogative throughout, putting to the reader every question upon the subject of which it treats. Supposing it to be geology—he says to the would-be geologist, Have you done this? have you observed that? and thus down to the slightest minutiae, making the tyro on the alert. How often is this sort of flapping necessary to men the most talented! Those who are complete masters of their subjects, sometimes doze at many important points, and the interrogative, Have you effected so or so? is answered by a rousing start of astonishment, and a “Bless me, no! I am so glad you put me in mind of it.” Mr. Jackson is the friendly flapper to the well informed, the useful guide to the learner. His book realizes morally the wind-filled bladder of Dean Swift—he will not permit the travelling observer to slumber. As he treats upon everything within the range of the senses, we cannot attempt to detail the vast variety of subjects upon which he is so scientifically and serviceably inquisitive, or would rather make his pupils so. The book is one of necessity. It will be followed by a thousand imitations.

The Pictorial History of England; being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts.

In this, the sixth part of this history, we have the reign of the third George, or a great portion of it; and the struggle of the Americans with England for the independence of the former forms the principal feature. The wood-cuts are few and far between, and, in this number, to our thinking, not sufficient to entitle the work to be called a Pictorial History, always supposing the word “Pictorial” to be applied in the sense of representation, not by words, but by

the graphic art. The principal recommendations of this work are its unswerving impartiality, and the purity and clearness of its style of narration. It is neither eloquent nor philosophical, dealing in facts only, which the author neither seeks to enforce by declamation, nor attempts to explain by a long dissertation. We like it the better for these omissions. That author does well when he permits his reader to theorize for himself.

The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland illustrated, from Drawings made expressly for the Work, by WM. HENRY BARTLETT. Engraved by the First Artists. The Literary Department by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.

We have received the fifth part of this splendid work, which is published uniform with "American Scenery," "Switzerland," "Scotland," "the Beauties of the Bosphorus," and other popular publications; and though this on Ireland appears the last, it is not, by any means, the least attractive. The approach to Killarney from the Kenmure road is the first engraving in this number, and offers a very romantic scene to the eye; whilst the second, the natural bridges near Kilkee, is wildly picturesque. The scene from the Sugar Loaf Mountain is vastly expansive, affording an ample view of the whole of Bantry Bay. We give the preference, good as are the others, to the fourth, a moonlight view of the Head of the Killeries in Connemara. It is extremely beautiful. Of the skill displayed in these exquisite specimens of the art of engraving it is unnecessary for us to speak. The plates of these works have now a well-deserved European reputation. Mr. Willis displays his usual ability in his abstract of Irish history, and it forms a necessary and a graceful appendage to the views.

Lectures on the English Poets, by WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by his Son.

We are well pleased to observe that our favourable prognostications of the success of this work are now amply verified by the appearance of its third edition. From the canons of criticism which it contains, but few will be inclined to dissent, and all must admire the eloquent and powerful manner in which they are delivered. We may be excused from repeating the well-merited eulogies which we have already given to this volume, of which we hope to see still more editions exhausted. With this wish we take our leave of the publication.

The Speaking Eye, a Satire. By F. R.

This is as moving a petition to the attorney-general, to file a criminal information for a libel, as can well be compressed into thirty pages. This application for a prosecution is powerful and caustic, and though evidently hastily thrown together, evinces much talent.

The satire is rather a saw than a smooth-edged cutting instrument. It mangles and jags its subjects dreadfully, and yet gets through its work well. If the author should be so lucky as to get fined and imprisoned for this his first attempt, he may look upon himself as a made man.

The Works of Josephus. Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M.

This very valuable translation has now been brought to a successful termination in this the twelfth number. This part contains a copious index, with a well-written and very sensible introduction. Throughout this edition the embellishments have been of the very first order, and the type and paper unexceptionable. When the twelve parts are bound together, they will form not only a handsome, but a most imposing looking library volume. Of the intrinsic literary and historical merits of this work, it would be needless for us to make mention. Josephus will live as an authority so long as man remains civilized, and literature shall be cultivated.

A Reply to Lord Fitzwilliam's Letter to the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Clergy of England, on the Corn Laws. By one of the Clergy of England.

We merely notice the appearance of this pamphlet in order to state that so many *brochures* on the corn question, of from thirty to two hundred pages, have been sent to us, that, did we notice them all, our space devoted to reviews would look like a report of a debate on the subject. This is, most distinctly, a class consideration, and every class, or rather every representation of a class, argues the question well for the interest of the advocated section of the community. The knot is therefore almost too intricate to be unloosed in the present excited state of the nation.

Fox's Book of Martyrs. Edited by the Rev. GEORGE CUMMING, M. A.

This work proceeds satisfactorily, and has reached its sixth part. This part is occupied by English ecclesiastical history, and it is brought down to the year 1330. The style is quaint and not unpleasant, and the zeal which actuated the writer never suffers his narrative to flag. Though not fully approving of all that Fox has written, and still less of the spirit of some part of his histories, we are glad to see the old reformer in so creditable a shape as that in which he is now presented to the public. Whatever may be our religious opinions, it is a duty upon us all to become acquainted with those professed by a man who has excited so much attention for a long period.

Up the Red Sea, and Down the Nile, in 1839.

A short, but curious and very instructive work, on a route home from the East Indies, as yet but little known. It is a mere narration

of facts, bearing evidence of being strictly true, and the result of the observations of an acute mind. We suppose that, ere long, this will be one of the high roads to and from India, and that we shall have many more publications on this subject. Be that as it may, this little book is of present value, and deserves the attention of those who are at all interested in these matters.

Philosophic Nuts ; or the Philosophy of Things, as developed from the study of the Philosophy of Words. By EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq., author of "Life, Health, and Disease."

To use a familiar phrase, this clever author is still beating about the bush, and has, as yet, only started small game, in the shape of various vulgar errors, which he has run down, and completely crushed. Frankly, we don't know what he would be at, and cannot imagine what monster mistake in philosophy he is preparing to expose and destroy. This able skirmishing looks like a long note of preparation for a grand and decisive battle, a battle that will conquer prejudice, false reasoning, metaphysical crudities, and many other follies that have, among men, usurped the style and titles of virtues and wisdoms.

The History of the British Empire in India. By EDWARD THURSTON, Esq., Author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. &c.

We have received, as yet, but the first two numbers of this work, and shall wait to see how it is sustained before we give any definite opinion upon it. It opens in a very promising manner, and with no small degree of vigour. Commencements are often very delusive, and to prognosticate a very invidious task. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to wishes and to hopes, and merely state, that if the author proceed as he has commenced, he will have no reason to be displeased with our remarks.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Berthollet on Dyeing and Bleaching. New Edition. 8vo. 12s.

The Last King of Ulster, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Reid's (Lieut-Col.) Attempt to Develop the Law of Storms. New Edition, royal 8vo. 24s.

Views in Affghanistan, &c. By Sir K. A. Jackson, Bart. imperial 4to. 2l. 2s.

Hand-Book of Architecture, Tapestries, Paintings, &c. of Hampton Court. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Old Red Sandstone. By Hugh Miller. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation in Germany, &c. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.

Le Comte's Book of Birds, forty coloured plates, royal 8vo. 31s. 6d.

The Equestrian, a Hand-Book of Horsemanship, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.

The Laird of Logan. New Edition. Fcap. 6s.

Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley. By the Author of "Sketches in Connaught," post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Ministry of the Angels, Discourses by the Rev. G. T. Mostyn. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Montagu and Neale's Elections. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

July 1841.—VOL. XXXI.—NO. CXXIII.

N

- Family Records.** By Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Prescriber's Pharmacopœia. 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lee on Stammering and Squinting. 8vo. 3*s.*
Bentley's Miscellany, Vol. IX. 8vo. 16*s.*
Romanism and Anglo-Catholicism. By the Rev. J. Sortain, A. B. 8vo. 9*s.*
The Church Committee, an Incident in the Life of Mr. John Wilful. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XV. 12mo. 7*s.*
Last Scenes in the Life of Christ. By the Rev. D. K. Drummond, 12mo. 6*s.*
Bagster's English Hexapla. 4to. small paper, 2*l.* 2*s.*, large paper, 3*l.* 3*s.*
Vincentius of Lirins against Heresy. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Spinckes's Manual of Private Devotion. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Campbell's (the Rev. J.) Letters on the Bible Monopoly. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Christ on the Cross. By the Rev. J. Stevenson (Cornwall). Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Extracts from Travellers, illustrative of Passages in the Holy Scriptures. Fcap. 4*s.*
Gorle's (the Rev. James) Sacred Poems. 8vo. 5*s.*
Catena Aurea, Commentary on the Four Gospels. By S. T. Aquinas. Vol. I. Part I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Idler in France. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
Introduction to French Prose, after Ollendorf's System. By C. L. Laiseque. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Manners and Customs of Society in India. By Mrs. Major Clemons. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. James's new work, *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION*, is considerably advanced, and may be expected speedily. The great pains bestowed by Mr. James on the successive objects of his research, will doubtless render his Life of this extraordinary personage one of the most attractive subjects which has hitherto engaged his attention.

Mr. Montague Gore has just completed a new and improved edition of his *Remarks on the Corn Laws*.

A new Poem from the pen of Mr. Cuninghame of Mount Kennedy is nearly ready for publication.

A Sketch of the Affairs of Newfoundland, from a high authority, will be published immediately.

NAPOLEON PORTRAYED is the title of a new Poem announced for immediate publication.

We are glad to find that Mr. LODGE's *PEERAGE*, the new edition of which for 1841 has just been published, continues to maintain its deserved popularity. Whether for its admirable plan, arrangement, or correctness of detail, we know of no work of equal value for all the purposes of reference and information.

Mr. Scrivenor has in the press a *History of the Iron Trade* from the earliest records to the present period.

We have several other new works to mention, which we must defer till our next number.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Conservative as we pride ourselves to acknowledge, we yet must advocate a free trade in provisions for a community so over-populous as is

England. Just now, in all their branches, trade and commerce are languishing. It is difficult to point out one that can boast for itself an average share of prosperity. All over the country we find machinery at a stand-still; furnaces blown out, starving operatives, and internal trade either stopped, or so carried on as to be ruinous to both buyers and sellers. The cotton market is extremely dull, sugar and coffee at high prices, and even most of the railroad speculations at a discount. Into whatever hands the government may shortly fall, something must be done to relieve and check the increase of pauperism, that seems now to be attacking not the poor only, but those also who, till now, had ranked themselves among the middle classes.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 26th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 169 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 89 five-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 89 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 98 five-eighths.—Long Annuities, 1260, 13—16.—Exchequer Bills, 2½d. 8 pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent., Acct. 33.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent., 100 one-fourth.—Brazilian, 68 one-half.—Mexican, Acct. 27.—Spanish, Acct. 22 one-quarter.

MONEY MARKET.—The public attention is now so exclusively occupied by election matters, that but comparatively little attention has been bestowed upon the monetary affairs of the empire by those whom it mostly concerns. The Money Market has, throughout the last month, remained tolerably steady and tranquil. The money interest seems to have no fear for the event, however the elections may turn out, and the public funds have maintained their full value. Foreign securities have been very low, and have every appearance of becoming still more depreciated. Fresh loans are offered, too, generally, and in a succession much too rapid. There is much confusion all over America in the public securities, a little dishonesty in progress, and much more expected. There seems to be a prevailing cry for the sponge on the other side of the Atlantic.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 25 TO JUNE 18, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

May 25.—R. March, Cheapside, hatter.—J. Andrews, Marden Ash, Essex, schoolmaster.—J. Prior, Kingston-upon-Thames, maltster.—H. Down, Throgmorton-street, City, stock-broker.—H. Smallman, Edgeware-road, draper.—J. Davis, Cannon-street, City, gun manufacturer.—W. Paterson, Chelsea, common brewer.—W. Brown, Sutton-under-Whitstonecliffe, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—T. Lewis, Lincoln, tavern keeper.—J. Emerson, Croft, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Walford, Wybunbury, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Porter, Honiton, victualler.—W. Houldsworth, Egremont, Cheshire, common brewer.—P. Fisher, Wolverhampton, clock manufacturer.—G. Dickson and R. Glover, Liverpool, seed merchants.—R. Buckell, Newport, Isle of Wight, merchant.—J. Beardsworth, Wrexham, timber merchant.—G. Brocklehurst, H. Dircks, and J. B. Nelson, Liverpool, millwrights.—W. Thompson, Monk Wearmouth Shore, Durham, shipbuilder.—C. Potts, A. Potts, and J. Potts, Monk Wearmouth Shore, shipbuilders.—A. Mills and W. G. Seed, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturers.—W. G. Seed, Manchester, gingham manufacturer.—J. Jevon, jun., Bilston, Staffordshire, innkeeper.—J. Doughty, Bristol, licensed victualler.

May 28.—R. Souther, Bull Inn, Hertford, innkeeper.—T. Riley, Fleet-street, City, printer.—R. Smith, Aldgate, High-street, butcher.—J. White, Goldsmith-street, Gough-square, printer.—R. Edmunds, Bennett-street, Blackfriars-road, carpenter.—G. P. Irving, Stockton-on-Tees, shipbuilder.—T. Taylor, Liverpool, bookseller.—W. C. H. Parry, Liverpool, bookseller.—E. Freer, Liverpool, bookseller.—D. Sutcliffe, Halifax, manufacturer.—E. Woolley, Birmingham, paperhanging manufacturer.—J. Lea, jun., Chester, tea-dealer and banker.—H. C. Churchyard and J. Holmes, Halifax, woolstaplers.—W. Newsome, Dewsbury, oilerusher.—J. Dickinson, Bramley, Yorkshire, drysalter.—J. Ramshay, Bradford, grocer.—J. Kippax, Lockwood, Huddersfield, omnibus proprietor.

June 1.—E. P. Sardinson, J. Weston, and R. Murch, Wood-street, warehousemen.—G. J. Bennett, York-street, Portman-square, lodging-house keeper.—W. Burton and C. Burton, Birmingham, bedstead manufacturers.—B. Williams, Liverpool and Glamorgan, merchant.—J. Hutchinson, Halifax, machine maker.—T. Knapton, Barwick in Elmet, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Prescott, Upholland, Lancashire, innkeeper.—R. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher.—E. Skillman and A. C.

Keeler, Hythe, linendrapers.—R. C. Bourne, Birmingham, woollendrapers.—J. Camplon and W. Campion, Whitby, shipbuilders.—S. Knight and J. Knight, Manchester, merchants.—R. Tovey, Bristol, pawnbroker.—R. Campion and J. Campion, Whitby, bankers.—W. Royston, Manchester, yarn-dealer.

June 4.—W. B. Price and J. Edwards, Shrewsbury, bankers.—J. Marshall, Liverpool, iron merchant.—T. Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—J. Mackie, Liverpool, tailor.—W. S. Guest, Chester, tanner.—J. A. Boden, Sheffield, razor manufacturer.

June 8.—E. M. Demaisse and H. T. Wooler, Bucklersbury, City, merchants.—J. Miller, Bristol, cabinet maker.—F. Taylor, Laughton, Kent, plumber.—W. Davenport, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.—H. B. Elwell, Wolverhampton, japanner.—J. Tayler, Carmarthen, grocer.—G. Evans, Llanboidy, Carmarthenshire, draper.—A. W. Hillary, Ewanrig Hall, Cumberland, ironfounder.—W. Manton, Fletland Mills, Lincolnshire, miller.

June 11.—J. Porter, Wiggenshall, Norfolk, builder.—W. Henshall, Newcastle-under-Line, silk-throwster.—H. Sidebotham, Haughton, Staffordshire, cotton-manufacturer.—W. Hutchinson, Dronfield, Derbyshire, wine-merchant.

June 15.—W. Burton, King-street, Soho,

upholsterer.—J. Leary, Quadrant, Regent-street, coffee-house keeper.—S. Rayner, Friar-gate, Derby, marble mason.—J. Brook, Frith-street, Soho, victualler.—A. J. F. Marecco, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.—J. Lunn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shipbroker.—A. Thwaites, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brewer.—J. McIntyre, Manchester, oil-cloth manufacturer.—T. Lamplugh, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Morrish, jun. Bristol, liquor-merchant.—C. Taylor and T. Hawkey, Monk Wearmouth-shore, Durham, shipbuilders.—C. Hopkins, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, miller.—J. Daines, Stafford, joiner.—T. Dixon, Leeds, grocer.—J. B. Abbott and D. McCheane, Liverpool, wine merchants.—J. Sugden, Leeds, machine maker.—T. P. Stokes, Dudley, builder.

June 18.—W. Bywater, Hemington, Leicestershire, carpenter.—D. H. Stonham, Liverpool, copper merchant.—D. Edwards, Pembroke, miller.—J. Aspden, Batings, Rochdale, cotton spinner.—R. H. Hoskins, Liverpool, victualler.—G. Sterling, jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bootmaker.—R. Spencer, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, scrivener.—E. J. Phillips, Bristol, victualler.—J. H. Heron, J. S. Heron, J. K. Heron, and A. Heron, Manchester, cotton-spinners.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$ N. Longitude $3^{\circ} 51''$ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1841.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
May					
23	70-44	30.11-30.00	S.E.	.01	Clear, rain in morning.
24	70-44	30.11 Stat.	S.E.		Morning rainy, otherwise clear.
25	73-51	30.12-30.09	S.		Generally clear, and boisterous in the evening.
26	76-52	30.06-29.98	N.E.		Clear, wind gusty at times.
27	78-57	29.89-29.84	N.E.		Clear, except the even., lightning and thunder.
28	74-57	30.00-29.89	S.E.	.075	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
29	69-49	30.06-30.05	N. b. W.		Evening overcast with rain, otherwise clear.
30	70-53	30.00-29.95	W. b. N.	.035	Generally clear.
31	75-47	29.99-29.95	S.W.		Generally clear, blight in the south about noon.
June					
1	69-59	30.12-30.07	S.W.		Clear.
2	72-48	30.16-30.12	S.W.		Many and various clouds in the even., otherwise
3	69-51	30.14 Stat.	W. b. S.		Generally clear. [clear.]
4	67-42	30.30-30.25	N.W.		Generally clear.
5	67-46	30.14-30.00	W.		Morning clear, aftern. and even. cloudy, with rain
6	59-18	29.95-29.94	N.W.	.01	Generally clear.
7	59-40	29.93-29.88	N.W.		Cloudy, with rain, sunshine about noon.
8	59-45	29.93-29.91	N.W.	.01	General cloud, raining about 8 A.M., sunshine in
9	63-46	29.90 Stat.	N.W.		Evening clear, otherwise overcast. [the aftern.]
10	67-42	29.79-29.66	N.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
11	56-44	29.74-29.65	N.E.		Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
12	61-45	29.92-29.75	N.W.	.005	Evening clear, otherwise overcast, small rain fell
13	67-37	30.01-29.94	N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. [frequently.]
14	68-35	29.98-29.95	N.		Generally clear.
15	65-52	29.99-29.85	N.		Afternoon and evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
16	68-36	30.13-30.12	S.W.		Generally clear.
17	67-13	30.05-29.95	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
18	77-41	29.81-29.66	S.		Evening overcast, thunder storm, (see below.)
19	68-52	29.65-29.62	S.W.	.585	Morn. cloudy, with heavy rain, otherwise clear.
20	63-46	29.74-29.65	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.
21	67-58	29.96-29.75	S.W.		Generally clear, showers of rain during the day.
22	67-49	30.05-30.02	S.W.	.17	Generally clear.

Parhelia. Never perhaps were these phenomena more brilliantly seen than on the evening of Friday the 4th instant. At 6h. 45m. P.M. east and west of the sun, distant about twenty-three

degrees from the sun, and as usual on the circumference of a halo, two mock suns formed strongly coloured, and no less remarkable for intensity of light than length of train, which, as invariably is the case, was in a direction from the sun, and parallel to the horizon. The length of the luminous cone was sufficiently bright to be measurable at a distance of eighteen degrees, and probably the apex must have been several degrees beyond. The upper part of a second halo faintly coloured also formed twenty-five degrees above the first.

Thunder Storm. A storm of thunder and vivid lightning accompanied with remarkably heavy rain, and hail of an unusual size, from about seven till twenty minutes past seven on the evening of Friday the eighteenth instant.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Sims, of Redruth, Cornwall, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. April 29th, 6 months.

A. Jeffery, of Prospect Place, New Hampton, Gentleman, for a new method of defending the sheathing of ships, and of protecting their sides and bottoms. April 29th, 6 months.

G. Townshend, of Sorpcote Fields, Leicester, Esquire, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for cutting certain vegetable substances. April 29th, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of Kensington, Civil Engineer, for a new combination of materials for making bricks, tiles, pottery, and other useful articles, and a machine or machinery for making the same, and also a new mode or process of burning the same, which machine or machinery and mode or process of burning are also applicable to the making and burning of other descriptions of bricks, tiles, and pottery. April 29th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing nails or brads. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 4th, 6 months.

F. J. Massey, of Chadwell Street, Middleton Square, Watch Manufacturer, for improvements in the method of winding up watches and other time-keepers. May 4th, 6 months.

E. Newton, of Leicester, Manufacturer, and T. Archbold, of the same place, Machinist, for improvements in producing ornamental or tambour work in the manufacture of gloves. May 4th, 6 months.

C. T. Holcombe, of Bankside, Borough, Merchant, for certain lubricating or preserving matters for wheels and axles, applicable also to the bearings, journals, or other parts of machinery. May 4th, 4 months.

H. Graham, of Bridport Place, Hoxton, Artisan, for an improved manufacture of that kind of carpeting usually denominated Kidderminster carpeting. May 6th, 2 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, for improvements in the manufacture of fabrics by felting. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 6th, 6 months.

P. A. Morley, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar moulds, dish covers, and other articles of similar manufacture. May 6th, 6 months.

J. Hancock, of Sydney Square, Mile End, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of locks, keys, latches, and other fastenings, part of which improvements are applicable to taps and cocks for drawing off fluids. May 6th, 6 months.

J. Paley, Junior, of Preston, Lancaster, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. May 10th, 6 months.

H. Deverill, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for making and ornamenting lace, commonly called bobbin-net-lace. May 10th, 6 months.

A. M'Nab, of Paisley, North Britain, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of bricks. May 11th, 4 months.

E. Taylor, of King William Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages used on railroads. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 11th, 6 months.

H. Pinkus, of Maddox Street, Hanover Square, for an improved method or methods of applying electrical currents or electricity, either fractional, atmospheric, voltaic, or electro-magnetic. May 14th, 6 months.

J. Gregory, Coal Master, and W. Green, Turner, both of West Brownwich, Stafford, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel. May 14th, 6 months.

P. Journet, of Dean Street, Soho, Engineer, for improvements in fire-escapes, which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. May 19th, 6 months.

J. Carr, Junior, of Paddington, Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for retarding and stopping railway carriages. May 20th, 6 months.

C. Phillips, of Chipping Norton, Oxford, Engineer, for improvements in reaping and cutting vegetable substances as food for cattle. May 20th, 6 months.

J. Woods, of Lawn Place, Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive engines, and also for certain improvements in the machinery for the production of rotatory motion for obtaining mechanical power, which improvements in machinery are also applicable for raising or impelling fluids. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Gall, of Beresford Terrace, Surrey, for certain improvements in the construction of inkstands. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Ainslie, Farmer, Redheugh, North Britain, for a new and improved mode of making or moulding tiles, bricks, retorts, and such like work, from clay and other plastic substances. May 22nd, 4 months.

C. Dumont, of Mark Lane, London, for improvements in the manufacture of metallic letters, figures, and other devices. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Winterborn, of Clarence Place, Hackney Road, Surgeon, for improvements in machinery to facilitate the removal of persons and property from premises in cases of fire, which improvements are applicable to raising and lowering weights generally, to assist servants cleaning windows, and as a substitute for scaffolding. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. L. Rham, of Winkfield, Berks, Clerk, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing land, and sowing or depositing grain, seeds, and manure. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Whitehouse, of Deptford, Engineer, for an improved method of making boilers to be used in marine steam-engines. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Joest, of Ludgate Hill, Merchant, for improvements in propelling vessels. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 26th, 6 months.

G. Hulme, of St. John Street, Smithfield, Cock Foander, for improvements in water closets. May 27th, 6 months.

J. Bettridge, of Birmingham, Wood Turner, for an improved method of manufacturing papier maché, pearl, china, ivory, horn, wood, and composition, into pillars and stands for table and other lamps, and other articles of domestic furniture. May 27th, 6 months.

J. Shanks, of St. Helen's, Lancashire, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of carbonate of soda.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—May 22.—Nothing took place but a conversation on the Corn Laws, in which a good deal of angry feeling was displayed on both sides.

May 23.—Nothing consequential.

May 25.—The Commons' Amendments to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners Act Amendment Bill were agreed to.

May 26.—Principally occupied in the reception of petitions for and against the repeal of the Corn Laws, and incidental discussions upon them.

June 1.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Turnpike Roads Bill, the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill, the Stamp Duties (Law Proceed-

ings) Bill, the Madhouses (Scotland) Bill, the Sewers Bill, the Court-houses (Ireland) Bill, the Newry Navigation Bill, the London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery Bill, and the Ordnance Survey Bill,—The Jews' Declaration Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Tuesday next.

June 5.—The Victoria Park Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 8.—A great many petitions were presented about the Corn Laws.

June 9.—Many Bills, brought up from the lower, were hurried through this house.

June 10.—Nothing of importance.

June 11.—After much business of mere form, the Marquis of Bute moved the third reading of the Jews' Declaration Bill, and the Bishop of Llandaff moved that the Bill be read a third time that day six months, which was carried by a majority of 34, and the Bill was consequently lost.

June 14.—A good deal of routine business.

June 15.—The Bribery at Elections Bill was read a second time, and their Lordships then adjourned to Thursday.

June 17.—After several unimportant Bills had passed through various stages, the Marquis of Normanby moved the third reading of the Punishment of Death Bill, on which the Earl of Haddington moved as an amendment to the third clause, which applied to the case of rape, that an exception should be made in favour of the capital punishment, where more than one person was concerned in the commission of the offence. A debate ensued, which was afterwards adjourned.—The House went into Committee on the Bribery at Elections Bill. After some discussion, the Bill passed through Committee, all the clauses, except the fourth, being expunged.

June 18.—The adjourned debate on the Punishment of Death Bill was resumed. An amendment for exempting cases of rape from the abolition of capital punishment, was subsequently put and negatived by 64 to 60.—The Dog Carts Bill was withdrawn. The Bribery at Elections Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 22.—Her Majesty prorogued both Houses in person, by the following gracious Speech :

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" On a full consideration of the present state of public affairs, I have come to the determination of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

" The paramount importance of the trade and industry of the country, and my anxiety that the exigencies of the public service should be provided for in the manner least burdensome to the community, have induced me to resort to the means which the Constitution has entrusted to me of ascertaining the sense of my people upon matters which so deeply concern their welfare.

" I entertain the hope that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the course of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed, by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the sums necessary for the civil and military establishments.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" In the exercise of my prerogative I can have no other object than that of securing the rights and promoting the interests of my subjects ; and I rely on the co-operation of Parliament, and the loyal zeal of my people, for support in the adoption of such measures as are necessary to maintain that high station amongst the nations of the world which it has pleased Divine Providence to assign to this country."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—May 22.—Sir R. Peel gave notice that he should, on Thursday next, move a resolution to the following effect—" That her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the constitution."

May 23.—Mr. T. Duncombe presented various petitions from Chartists and persons sympathising with them, to the number of more than 1,300,000 people, the

prayers of which were for the remission of all sentences upon political delinquents, and for the adoption of the people's charter without any the slightest alteration whatsoever. The Hon. Member, after entering at great length into the grievances of the petitioners, by stating particular cases of hardship, moved an address to the Crown, with a view to the discharge of all persons confined for political offences in England and Wales.—After a very long and important debate, the motion was negatived by the Speaker's casting voice being against it, the numbers being 50 on each side.

May 25.—Mr. Peel opened his speech against Ministers, notice of which he had given on the 22nd. After an animated debate it was adjourned.

May 26.—Nothing of consequence but the debate on the no-confidence question.

June 2.—The adjourned debate on the no-confidence motion was resumed, and the House was occupied until a late hour by several members haranguing on this important subject.

June 3.—The debate resumed, and again adjourned.

June 4.—The adjourned debate was resumed, and, after a protracted discussion, the House divided. For Sir R. Peel's resolution, 312; against it, 311; majority against Ministers, 1.—Lord J. Russell then announced that on Monday he would move that the House should resolve itself into Committee of Supply, for the purpose of moving some miscellaneous estimates, and upon that occasion also he would state the course he would pursue.

June 7.—At five o'clock the House was crowded in all quarters both by Members and by strangers anxious to hear the announcement from Lord John Russell, of the course which Ministers intended to pursue. After some preliminary matter, he said in substance, that after the late division, he felt that in this House of Commons the present Government could hope for no further majorities; it was clear that the country itself must decide the important question now pending. Ministers, therefore, would make no further struggle for the continuance of their offices, until the opinion of the country should have been ascertained.—The House resolved into Committee of Supply, and the estimates were voted with opposition.

June 8.—Much business hurried through, and Mr. Wynn's motion, ordering Dr. Webster to be prosecuted for bribery at the election of St. Alban's, was carried.

June 9.—The House went into Committee of Supply, and the Militia estimates were voted.—The Committee of Ways and Means came next; and £6,200,000 was granted to Her Majesty from the Consolidated Fund. The Ministers afterwards lost their bill concerning the Lord Chancellor by a majority of 101 to 83.

June 10.—The Danish Claims Dispensation Bill passed.—The Municipal Corporation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House then went into Committee on the Bribery at Elections Bill, from which the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth clauses were struck out. The sixth was agreed to with an amendment. The seventh, eighth, and ninth, were also agreed to, the tenth was rejected.

June 11.—Several Bills were forwarded a stage, several passed, but mostly appertaining to local subjects.

June 14.—Really nothing of consequence ensued, and the House was counted out at an early hour, to the delay of much business.

June 15.—The St. John's Hospital (Winchester) Estate Bill was reported.—The Railways (Ireland) Bill was read a first time.—The Election Petitions Trial Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Appropriation Bill was also read a third time and passed.—Mr. Scholefield then, pursuant to notice, submitted his proposed motion on the subject of manufacturing distress, on which the House was speedily counted out.

June 16.—Nothing of consequence beyond a conversation on Mr. Warner's invention of blowing ships out of the water.

June 17.—The Bills of Exchange Bill and the Loan Societies Bill were read a second time; the Highway Rates Bill was read a third time and passed; the Offences against the Person Bill was withdrawn. A great deal of routine business was hurried through previous to the dissolution.—Sir Francis Burdett asked if anything had been done in reference to the erection of a monument to Sir Sidney Smith, to which the Government, as he understood, had pledged themselves.—Lord J. Russell said the project was not abandoned, but it could not be carried into effect at present, in consequence of the interruption in the voting of the supplies arising out of existing circumstances.